"I have noticed when the mercury begeneral type of the mometers, that there seems to be a sympathetic movement in men's ideas about clothes, but in the opinion of most people it is in the opposite direction." No one interrupted, as the large man

thus relieved his mind and the members of the group of which he was the center continued to pull at their cigars and tried to imagine that the breeze which was coming from the electric fan was really and truly cool. The large man looked about with some

surprise, but not hearing the protesting or agreeing voice, in even a duet or trio of them, went on gladly to evolve his intellectual process, rejoiced that the high tem-perature or some other favorable influence had at last given him undisputed possession

of the floor.
"The difficulty the average man meets in the hot weather," he went on, "is how to dress as coolly as possible and yet have a trim and sightly appearance. There is no trouble about trousers, as they can be made without addition to the thickness of the cloth. But that is not the case with the for a certain amount of lining or stiffening is needed to make the garment set right. Of course, there are various sorts of thin material which are said to be ust the thing, but the fact is experience shows that they are not." 'How about shirt waists?" observed one

of the group who was giving a sort of perfunctory attention. The speaker paused only a sufficient time to enable him to throw what he meant to be a withering look in the direction of the author of the observation, and then he went on with his discourse.

"If I could enlist public opinion on my side I would be in favor of substituting for the coat a garment which, as it appears to my mental eye, has the appearance of a kimona more than anything else. This could be thrown over the undergarments, and thus attired men could exist in swelter-ing heat free from the burden of clothes, which, however light in texture, are heavy enough in high temperatures."

The monologue was interrupted by the sound of the bell on the small table in the center of the group, and when the waiter came up there was a babel of voices telling him what to bring in the shape of bottles man did not get back to the further development of his theme.

No letters containing fancy statements are coming from the Canadian woods about the fishing and hunting exploits of Senator Proctor and Myron M. Parker of this city. but that they are having a good time and doing business with the sturdy game in the rivers and woods is evidenced by the receipt from them of divers fish and game that have been taken. Assistant Secretary Taylor of the Treasury Department. who spent some time with Senator Proctor and Mr. Parker in New Brunswick last year, has been one of the recipients. A few days ago two huge salmon came to Mr. Taylor in great cakes of ice. The salmon had been caught by the Vermont senator and the Washingtonian in the Tobique river, New Brunswick. The fish weighed probably twenty-five pounds each, and were in perfect condition when they came here, notwithstanding their long journey included a fifty-mile trip by cance to a point from which they could be shipped.

The troops at Fort Liscum, Alaska, are subject to many discomforts and hardships, according to a report made to the War Department by Major Lea Febiger, inspector general, giving the results of a recent inspection of that arctic post. "Fort Liscum," he says, "is in great need

of a water and sewer system. The present condition entails constant and severe labor on the garrison. The snowfall here is abnormal and the winds are severe and continually drifting the snow so as to almost cover the buildings. The temperature records, however, show a mild climate. The snowfall commences before severe weather begins and prevents the ground from freezing to any depth. All drinking, washing and cooking water has to be hauled from the nearest stream, a few hundred feet away. For the past month water has been piped into the garrison through a line constructed of hollow telegraph poles so as to save the hauling. Without this additional work the fatigue here is constant, for practically the whole garrison has daily to keep open communication with the different buildings, and to keep an opening before the doors and windows, as otherwise the quarters would have no natural light. How ever, this cannot be helped."

"The youth of the land are rapidly acquiring control of things," asserted a wellknown citizen who resides on Columbia Heights. "I'll amend that declaration, however, to the extent of confining the control mentioned to my particular neighbor-Hot weather is hard on me, so about noon of the first 92-degrees-above-Fahrenheit day of the present summer I hied myself to my barber and had him run a clipper over my head, thereby removing the flowing locks. Now, would you be-lieve it, my daughter, who is only in the lieve it, my daughter, who is only in the makes no noise and does not scent the atsixteen-year-old class, refuses to permit mosphere? What would it be good for? me to sit on the front stoop of our house these evenings? I am compelled to take tract attention."—Boston Transcript.



to the back porch or go to bed. I'll admit that I do not present as handsome an ap-pearance as I did prior to the trimming of my hair, but I do think young folks ought to bear in mind that comfort is much more desirable than looks in midsummer."

The general run of allegations in divorce proceedings are commonplace, but some times we get a case in which the charges are really amusing," remarked a gentleman who is well known as a member of the bar in the southern states.

"Some time ago," he continued, "a neat little woman called at my office in my home city and inquired as to how to go about instituting a suit for divorce against her husband. I gave her the necessary information and she placed the case in my hands. The first charge that she made against her spouse was that 'He refused to kneel down and say his prayers the first night we were married, the brute."

* * * * *

"The employes of the War Department," said one of them to a Star reporter, "are having hard luck this summer. While all the other executive departments have been comes ambitious to reach the top of that | closing at 3 o'clock on Saturdays since the little tube which seems to mark the limit of | 1st of June, the War Department will not its possible endeavors, at least in the most | begin to close at that hour on Saturday until July 11. The order for the early closing on the last day of the week with us will take effect July 4, but it will not be operative on that day, because the department will not open for business at all. I suppose we oughtn't to complain, though, as the Saturday summer rule in the War Department was not revoked last year unforgot all about %, and no one of his assistants considered it incumbent on him to put in a reminder. It is believed that we are now being made to pay for the unusual favor extended to us last year. But all the same it seems hard to stick to our desks on a hot Saturday an hour after the clerks in all the other departments have been ex-

The legal right of a local street railway company to collect a fare from a passenger who is not furnished a seat has been tested. Several days ago a colored woman, who, to judge from her proportions, must have weighed at least 210, boarded a street car and was compelled to stand up. In due time the conductor came around and loudly called for "Fares." The colored woman was standing directly in front of the conductor, but paid no attention to his cries. He approached her, asking if he had gotten her fare. She answered in the negative and said she did not intend to pay it until she was given a seat.

The conductor told the woman that she would either have to get off the car or pay her fare. She declined to do either, and said she dared any one to try to put her off. The other passengers, much surprised at the woman's courage and nerve, ex-pressed their approval of her actions by handclapping. The entreaties of the con-ductor were of no avail, and the woman rode to the end of her destiny without pay-

The long delay which usually attends efforts to secure definite action by the government departments was obviated recently by means of the long distance teleabsence for Ensign C. P. Snyder, a son of table trimmed for more than \$6,000. Judge C. P. Snyder of West Virginia. En-looking at her watch, 'and I must be leavsign Snyder is an officer on the Alabama. which was anchored recently off Tompkinsville, N. Y. Orders came about noon one day commanding the vessel to proceed immediately from Tompkinsville to engage in certain maneuvers. The time for sailing was set for 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Ensign Snyder's wife was at their home critically ill, and he endeavored to get leave of absence in order to remain with her, but his case seemed hopeless. As a last resort, however, he telegraphed the cirand asked him to intercede with the department for him. The senator received the message about 1:30 o'clock the afternoon of the day set for the sailing of the war-

ship. Senator Scott called up the Navy Department over the long distance telephone and was informed that Secretary Moody taking lunch at his home. Connections were made with the Secretary's house and Senator Scott explained the situation to Mr. Moody. The Secretary took up the case at once, and about thirty minutes before the sailing of the Alabama from Tompkins ville Ensign Snyder was informed that his application for leave of absence had been granted.

"It is really remarkable what a large number of the residents of this city belong to the leisure class, or, at least, seem to," remarked an official connected with Dis trict Militia headquarters. "The brigade of local National Guard is under orders to take the field on its annual outing the 23d of the present month, and we are overwhelmed with work, especially as new khaki uniforms and other unusual supplies and equipments must be procured with the least possible delay.

"Notwithstanding the fact that our offices resemble an enlarged bee-hive on an active day during the honey-harvesting season we are interrupted almost continuously by casual callers. These folks drop in, so far as I can learn, merely because they have rothing better to do. They insist on relating funny stories, and often drive us to dering if other offices and places of ness are similarly afflicted. If they are the national capital, as I said, must certainly be the home of a very great number of persons who are not compelled to labor for a

"I want half a pound of water crack-ers," said Mrs. Newcome. "All-fired sorry, ma'am," replied the country storekeeper, "but I ain'two dozen of 'em in the place." "but I ain't got but

"Weil, I'll take them."
"Jest wait ten, twenty minutes.
Peters an' Josh Slocum has been usin' fur checkers an' they're playing' the de-cidin' game now."—Philadelphia Press. Dealer-"Here's a machine I can con

scientiously recommend. It is possitively noiseless and odorless."
Automobilist—"What! a machine that

MORE ORNAMENTAL THAN USEFUL.



Just give that bit o' lead a bite atweenyer teeth, will yer, Matie 'Ain't ye got no teeth of yer own?"
'I got some, but there ain't none of 'em opposite one another."

SHE USED A MAGNET HOW HE GOT PROMOTED MR. JOBSON OWNS UP RUNS ITS OWN STORE

"The old days out in the western country were brought back to me the other day when I read that dispatch from Houston, Tex., about the two fashionable young women tourists who had tripped into Hous-ton's toppiest gambling layout and spreadeagled the outfit at every game from craps of business to the tune of thousands after a few hours' play," said an ex-gambler, now settled in Washington, who in his unregenerate days dealt faro bank in most of the swift cities of the west.

"It was in Baker City, Oreg., in 1887. I was dealing for Jeff Hopewell, who was then running the best bank in the town. One night I was slipping them out for a lot of cinch people, breakfast money grabbers—
it was a little early for the sky players, who
generally scrambled in about 10 or 11
o'clock—when something pretty choice
swept into the room and filled it with a
fragrance that made a fellow think of the lays when he had the time and the indays when he had the time and the inclination to gather trailing arbutus in the early spring. She was a tall, black-haired, black-eyed, ivory-skinned queen in a sweeping black lace dress and a plumed Gainsborough hat. If Cleopatra were to get off an F street car at the corner of 9th at high noon she wouldn't get the bunch that the street car are than this round that corner more agape than this swagger-looking woman got the men who were sitting around that faro room. She stood in the doorway for a moment with a smile on her face that showed her dimples—

I never saw such winsome dents on a human map—and every one of us struggled to a standing posture and stared at her, "'Resume your seats, gentlemen,' the apparition said, as we stood like yaps gazing at her, and I guess maybe her voice didn't sound like those deep croopy strings on sound like those deep, croony strings on the harp. 'I am sorry to interrupt. I am only here between trains, and I should like

"Might she? Pehaps all of us weren't feeling of our neckties to find out if they were on straight when she graciously ac-cepted the chair at one side of the table and oulled alongside the game.
"'What are the yellows?' she asked me.

"Twenty-five, madam, said I. "Stack, please, said she, placing two handfuls of double eagles on the table. I passed twenty yellows over to her, flicked \$500 into the drawer out of the gold she had pushed over my way, handed her back the \$100 or so change, and shuffled the deck. Just then a flock of the big players, who had heard down the street of what was had heard down the street of what coming off, strolled in, and the pikers at the table gave way to them—we had a rule out there that the chickenfeed people had to make room for the cloud-riders when they came along, and a mighty good rule it was, at that. The new arrivals bought in, and they all bought yellows, too, after observing that the perfectly calm and collected wo-man at the table had chosen chips of that

"The woman's manners were gracious-ness itself. She wouldn't let the men around the table put themselves out of the way in the least for her, and before I began to deal she produced a gold-bound tab book of celluloid and a little gold-mounted pencil, and thus indicated that she was going to keep her own cases on the game-which she did.

"There were seven players seated around the table, and four or five making bets from behind the chairs. Most of them were fellows who had been playing bank ever since they learned how to whittle, and yet not a man of them observed what was coming off at the woman's end of the table, any more than I did myself. She played until nearly 1 o'clock in the morning, and yet, as I say, nary a one of us got next to her. I noticed that frequently, when I had half-slid the cards out of the box when all was set, the woman had a habit of reaching over the table and sort of fumbling the set stacks on the various cards, but I attributed this to a oman's peculiarity and said nothing about it. I was dealing without a lookout that night, the lookout who served on my watch being sick.

"The woman in the game played on, as I say, for nearly three hours, scarcely ever saying a word, keeping her own tab and winning constantly. She played singles ex-clusively, coppering most of the time. When phone in the case of securing a leave of she pushed her chair back she had my

> ing. I have been very lucky, have I not?"
> "'Remarkably lucky, madam,' said i,
> and I was wondering what Jeff Hopewell,
> my employer, would say—he was out or
> town—when he got back and found out that a woman in a picture hat had shredded his game for that nifty bundle of money. "I cashed her in, and, with a gracious smile all around, she gathered up he train and made her royal swish and froufrou out of the room, all of the boys gaz-ing blankly after her as if she had been from another planet.
> "Two days later the conductor of the

Overland dropped in to play a few turns before going out again. 'Say,' he said to me before buying chips, 'I dropped Mrs. Kathryn Cunningham into

town the other evening from my train, and I hear she got into you for a few,' and the conductor passed me the grin. 'Little matter of six thousand or so,' told him. 'Is that her name-Mrs. Kathryn

Cunningham?"
"'Uh-huh,' said the conductor. "That and

Sacramento Kate and Magnet Kitty and a few others that she's picked up along the coast. Tooled you for six thousand, you say? Say, I guess Kitty must have worked ne magnet on you.'
"And that is exactly what Sacramento

Kathryn had worked on me—the magnet. The magnet was a dead new one out that way then, and that was the only excuse I had for not having got next to it. Mrs. Kathryn Cunningham, widow of Jack Cunningham, who had run the biggest faro game in Sacramento, was a woman I had heard a good deal about, but I had never seen her until that night when she had zephyred in and helped to pull the props from underneath the bank for which I was dealing. Those little eccentric moves of hers in carelessly passing her hand around the set stacks on the cards just as I was in the act of dealing were understood by me after that little talk with the conluctor. The woman had held a tiny magnet pinched in the hollow of her right hand, and when she got the lightning flash at the cards as I slipped them out she would sim-ply pass the hand with the magnet over her coppered stacks. The metallic markers would fly off the stacks and stick to would fly off the stacks and stick to her little magnet, and thus the stacks that had been coppered were uncoppered and left open when she got the eagle glance at the cards coming out of the box and saw that the coppered cards were coming out on the winning side. The fact that I had no lookout that night made the game easier for her, but, at that, the magnet stunt has been worked since by scientific men when spies on the outside as well as lookouts have been watching the layout. Mrs. Kathryn Cunningham, otherwise Sacramento Kate and Magnet Kitty, was early enough on the ground with the magnet dodge to pick up a very layout. dodge to pick up a very large amount of money with it before the word as to her scheme was passed up and down the line. She was burned to death in her swell home in San Francisco only a few years ago."

German Wine Growers. From the London Standard.

The wine growers of Germany have always had an evil repute, as a class. Nearly four centuries ago Erasmus denounced them with burlesque violence, protesting that all the ills which afflicted his old age were due to the foul decoctions he drank when an innocent youth, although he had most carefully avoided German wines for many years. The trial of Dr. Schlamp von Hofe aus Nierstein shows that his fraternity still practice the ancestral arts, with improvements suggested by modern science It was proved that this ingenious personage, one of the largest wine growers of the country, first added 50 per cent of water to his vintage. Then he mixed a quantity of cheap Greek wine, and fortified the whole with ammonia, tannic acid gelatine, isinglass, raisins and sugar, finishing with a few drops of some mysterious liquid which he carried in his pocket. The fine is f75, or imprisonment for three hun-ared days in default. Dr. Schlamp urged the public prosecutor to spare him, on the ground that nearly all his colleagues did

the prosecutor heard it unmove

the like, and exposures would ruin the wine trade. It was a business-like argument, but

"A New York friend of mine was arrested by a movified cop the other afternoon, while I was riding with him, for speeding his automobile on Riverside Drive, and the desk sergeant, before whom we were taken to deposit collateral-I accompanied him was about as a grotesque to wheel and bank, and put the plant out and diverting a character as ever I saw of business to the tune of thousands after ian who is a good deal on the wing. "He was as rough as a cockle-burr or a boxful of alligator files, and the flannel was so thick on his tongue that it was all my was left burning in the bath room during friend and I could do to keep from laughthe six weeks that we were away last ing in his face I suppose we'd be on Blackwell's Island by now had we yielded to the almost fresistible temptation to do that. It was 'G'wan wit' yeez' and 'Ol doan't wan't none o' yeez's slack,' and 'Ol've a good notion t' lock yeez up f'r th' noight,' and so on, with that funny, redmustached desk sergeant in all of his dealings with us and we felt locky when he ings with us, and we felt lucky when he accepted cash collateral and told us to be on y'r way wit' yeez before Oi change me mind an' put yeez in a cell.' We were so much diverted over the conduct of that ser-geant cop who looked like a travesty of that we made some inquiries about him particularly as to how it happened that such a queer proposition had ever contrived to get himself made a sergeant of police, even in a city like New York. We found out how it happened, and it doesn't make

such a bad story,
"The sergeant had, through influential Tammany kinsmen, got his policeman's bil-let within a very few months after he had arrived in New York from the auld dart, and he hadn't worn the uniform very long before his ambition began to meethe. This was shortly after the inauguration of civil service examinations for New York cops -a measure, by the way, that Tammany fought tooth and nail at Albany, but fail-

"The Tammany outfit have since discov New York civil service game, but they hadn't framed up these methods at that time. The rules were adhered to, and the policemen who wanted to become a roundsman, or a roundsman who desired to take the next higher step to the chevrons of the sergeant, had to pass the civil service com-petitive examination, and that was all there was about it. The only exception that was made was in the cases of policemen who distinguished themselves for bravery. These were allowed to be promoted to the next higher grade without taking the civil

service examination.
"Well, this particular cop manipulated all the wires he could, but his flooence told him that he'd have to take the civil service examination for his roundsmanship. He went before the examining board, and He went before the examining board, and I was told that his average was about oneeight of one per cent. He was absolutely
illiterate, and the examiners reprimanded
him for presuming to trespass upon their
time by taking the examination without
havving prepared for it.

"That left it up to the cop. He was determined to get rid of the job of 'pounding
his beat 'and to win out the roundsman's
stripes, and so the only thing for him to do
was to have the examination waived in his

was to have the examination waived in his case on account of bravery. He rigged up his scheme with that idea in view.
"He went down to the Bowery and found

whether your hat is on straight or not. Just run away now and I'll attend to a hobo panhandler who was a first-rate swimmer. He rigged the hobo out in a good suit of clothes and a 'front' in general, and promised him a ten-dollar note if he would go through his part of the program correctly. The cop was at that time stationed at the uptown dock, from which the Coney Island boats depart for the island.

"On the day set the dressed-up hobo came she knew how, "you'll surely remember, won't you, that the man is to call here promptly at 11 for the—"

running down to the dock, apparently to catch the Coney Island boat, just as the boat was pulling out of the slip, and after the gangplank had been hauled in. The crowd on the boat and those on the pier crowd on the boat and those on the pier yelled to the togged-out tramp not to at-tempt the jump, but he wasn't there for the purpose of listening to their shouted adjurations, and he made a flying leap for the moving boat. Of course, he didn't make it by ten feet and fell into the water, just

as he had intended.

"Then, of course, the rough-neck cop who had employed him to do the little stunt got busy. He peeled off his uniform coat and jumped into the water to 'save' the 'man overboard,' who was gutting up a beautiful bluff at struggling in the water after he got to the surface. The cop reached the hobo in a couple of strokes, grabbed him around the shoulders and supported him nobly until he got hold of a boat hook, and then the rope held out to him, and the cop and the grinning tramp were yanked onto

"That made it all right for the cop's roundsmanship. The yellow newspapers came out with vivid stories of Policeman deBlank's heroism, describing how he had daringly gone to the rescue of a 'prominent citizen' who had dropped into the water while endeavoring to board a boat, etc., The cop got his roundsmanship with out trouble-or examination-at the next distribution of promotions for bravery while on duty.

REMARKABLE AQUEDUCT.

In Australia to Be 328 Miles Long and Will Cost \$20,000,000. From the Philadelphia Record.

For many years the great gold fields of the famous Coolgardie mining district of western Australia has been suffering serihe suddenly recollected that he was due at the station he found, upon glancing at his watch, that he was already ten minutes behind the time he had appointed for Mrs. Jobson to meet him. So he jumped into a cab and told the driver to drive to the station as fast as he could. ously from the lack of an adequate water supply. It was by no means an uncommon occurrence to pay as much as seventy-five cents for a gallon of drinking water. Hotel keepers in many towns and villages were in which the customer helped himself to when Mr. Jobson arrived at the station and found Mrs. Jobson waiting for him.

"Did the man come—' she started to ask him, but he hustled over to the ticket winthe water than to the whisky bottle. Even the richest mine owners in Coolgardie were not able to take a bath. This necessity for procuring an adequate and permanent water supply had forced itself so strongly upon the attention of the government that finally, after many preliminaries, the gov ernment decided to accept and carry out a plan of the engineer in chief of the colony for a daily supply of 5,000,000 gallons of water. In July, 1589, the report was presented to parliament with a bill authoriz ing the raising of a loan of \$16,500,000 for the scheme. The plan was finally adonted and work on the immense scheme was started in 1898. The following figures will give an idea of the magnitude of the huge

enterprise. According to the report accepted and the work carried out a pipe line had to be constructed over a total length of no less than 328 miles. The pipes are of steel and have a diameter of thirty inches. The velocity of the water is 2,124 feet per second, while the weight of water to be raised per day is 25,000 tons. The horse power of the engines to carry out this work is 6,187 and the quantity of water to be pumped per day of twenty-four hours has been fixed at 5,600,000 gallons. One of the reservoirs -the Helena reservoir-cost in the neighborhood of \$2,700,000. The cost of the piper alone was nearly \$11.200,000.

The whole undertaking is now nearing

completion, and it is hoped that within a month or so the Coolgardie gold fields will be provided with an abundant supply of water, which in all probability will give a new impetus to the important mining industry in that section of Australia.

Long-Lasting Tastes. From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"It is a curious thing how the flavors of certain things will come back to a man after the lapse of many years," said an observant man, "and often without any sort of an excuse, unless we are to rely upon of an excuse, unless we are to rely upon rather finely spun-theories for an excuse. Many years ago I took to cod liver oil. Men who have taken cod liver oil will understand that there is no special reason why one should forget the peculiar flavor of this article. But my experience is not simply a question of memory. I have experience to the property of the property of the property of the property of the property. simply a question of memory. I have experienced the physical fact, not once, but a number of times since I quit taking it. Even today the taste of cod liver oil came back to me, and it was as fresh on my pal back to me, and it was as fresh on my pal-ate as it was when I last put it there. Now, why is this? Why should I taste cod liver oil years after I quit taking it? I can-not say. I cannot be mistaken when I say I experienced all the physical symptoms of the taste. Were it not for this fact I might account for it on the ground of association. Some fact, or something or other, intimately associated with the fact of taking cod liver oil, might have caused me to remember rather vividly the taste. But things re-An Insinuation.

From the Chicago News.

Bess—"Young Mifikins is a daffy on the subject of matrimony. He asks every girl he meets to marry him."

Nell—"Well, why don't you get some one to introduce you?"

ber rather vividly the taste. But things remembered, no matter how vivid the picture, no matter how intimate the associated fact which brings the picture back, are not as fresh as the things of the moment. I taste cod liver oil, feel it on my palate, and, in fact, experience all the physical unpleasantness of the dose, and I'm sure the fact cannot be accounted for by the theory of the association of ideas. It is up to the doctor."

"You say that the trunks are packed and

"Trunks all packed, everything ready,"

"Uh-huh-all right," said Mr. Jobson.

program for tomorrow morning. I sup

pose you remember, don't you, that the gas

"Oh, yes, I remember," said Mrs. Jobson,

you more, when anything goes wrong around this establishment, than to be able,

by hook or crook, to throw the blame on me if there's any way in the world that

you can do it. It's about ten to one that if this house were to burn to the ground while I was on a business trip about 400 miles from the District of Columbia, you'd

rig up some kind of a scheme to make me responsible for it. Now, tomorrow morning, after you get dressed and ready to start, I want you to leave the house to me.

You can run up on the hill and see your sister and meet me at the station at noon,

or you can make a morning raid on what-

ever bargain sale that happens to be com-

ing off tomorrow morning, or you can run down and look at the Washington relics in

the National Museum during the forenoon—the only stipulation I make being that the

house must be left absolutely to me during

the couple of hours preceding our de-parture. I'll take the last look around

morning, and then arrayed herself in her

meet you at the station at a quarter to 12. Now, be sure to remember that the man is

to be here promptly at 11 o'clock for

"You don't need to tell me anything about

the arrangements," interrupted Mr. Jobson. "I've got the whole thing plotted and chart-

ed out in my mind, systematically. I'm assuming the full responsibility myself this

time for the scheme to be carried out cor-

rectly in every detail, and the only thing

that you'll have to worry about will be

things. And make a huge mental effort, if

you please, and try not to be more than

meeting me at the station."
"But," put in Mrs. Jobson, as mildly as

on the steps, however, on her way out she

said, "Remember, now, the man for the—" but Mr. Jobson scowled darkly upon her

After she had gone Mr. Jobson lit a cigar and started on a leisurely tour of the house.

it was then a little after 10 o'clock. He be-

gan the tour in the basement, taking out

the window screens and locking all the windows and doors and tightening up the

water faucets. He left everything all pat

on the basement floor. Then he strolled through the rooms on the first floor, mak-

ing everything taut. Then he ascended to

the water faucets so tight that they would

require a wrench to be loosened, and so on.

The door leading into the store room was

closed, as usual, as he passed by, and, figuring that there was nothing to be done

in that room, Mr. Jobson did not enter it.

After completing his round Mr. Jobson

have time to get a shave and to go down for a box of those cigars of mine before

starting for the station," and, taking a last

of the shades down, went out and locked

the vestibule and the outside doors after

"I guess maybe everything isn't left snug

and ship-shape in that plant this time,"

said he to himself, complaisantly, as he

He dropped in at his office after getting

his shave and cigars, and became so inter-

ested in some mail on his desk that when

It lacked just six minutes to train time

dow to get the tickets and didn't catch her

question. He returned to her side when he had bought the tickets.

better get aboard."
"Aren't you going to check the baggage?"
inquired Mrs. Jobson.

For about half a minute Mrs. Jobson thought that Mr. Jobson was going to fall

down, he looked so utterly collapsed, weak

at the knees, chagrined, sheepish and fool-

ish. His jaw fell and he stared vacantly

at Mrs. Jobson.
"Why-I-I—' he started to say, but

his throat was hot and dry and the words

for the baggage?" sweetly inquired Mrs.

"Ye-ye-ye-es, my dear, I did," was Mr.

Jobson's unprecedentedly humble and mild

tion floor and smiled amiably. Right then Mr. Johson broke his record of many years.

He gazed foolishly at Mrs. Jobson and said

"It's on me. I'm the pinhead this time."

And that extraordinary admission was more than enough to compensate Mrs. Jobson for being compelled to wait for the next train for their point of destination.

The Passing of Bric-a-Brac.

Wherever it is arranged in the plan of

the architect, somewhere in the usual coun-

try house there is sure to be a big, square

hall, so called. This is really the place of

general gathering. There is a winding

stairway, a big fireplace, plenty of win-

dows-some of them opening on the veran-

da-and comfort is the keynote. Just stop

for a moment to observe one thing in this

summer of 1903. How few ornaments you

see. The more we eliminate small things

from our lives the better we are; the more

we eliminate them from our parlors the better is everyone who visits us, I believe. Thanks to our Japanese instructors, per-

haps, or to our own evolution the passing of bric-a-brac, tidies and useless ornaments

is about accomplished. What cases are seen hold flowers; the candlesticks are

meant for candles that burn in them every evening; the clocks are to tell the time,

glass or china, our eyes are not dive from it by a dozen surrounding trif

that make confusion in our sight and chaos

For this fashion let us return thanks, and

Wife-"So, doctor, you think my hus-band is entirely out of danger now?" Doctor-"Yes, but I wouldn't let him see my bill for some time yet."—Baltimore

"You left the house before the man

Mrs. Jobson tapped her foot on the

in a weak, hoarse tone:

From Harper's Bazar.

"Well, the train's ready," he said. "We'd

him, and hopped a down-town car.

clambered aboard the car.

tion as fast as he could.

wouldn't come.

reply.

"Half-past 10," said he to himself.

second floor, washed his hands, turned

promptly at 11 for the-

and she made for the car.

three-quarters of an hour behind time in

these premises myself, and-

traveling clothes.

replied Mrs. Jobson.

summer?

that everything is ready?" said Mr. Job son to Mrs. Jobson at dinner Tuesday even-The French Government Has ing last. The Jobsons were due to leave for the seashore on the following day at Now Become a Shopkeeper.

SELLS WORKS OF ART "That lets you out. Now, I'll tell you the

PARIS MERCHANTS FEAR COMPE-TITION BY THE STATE.

"but you remember, don't you, that you were the last to leave the house when we went away last year, and that you—"
"I know that that's the claim you set up.
Mrs. Jobson," interrupted Mr. Jobson, "but I also know that you were utterly unable to substantiate that claim. Nothing tickles Fine Engravings and Replicas at Bargain Prices-Sevres Porcelain-Monopolies.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

PARIS, June 22, 1903. The French government has just opened retail shop. It is an ordinary shop like any other very handsome one on the south side of the Boulevard below the building of the Credit Lyonnois.

In the windows of this shop you see ex posed for sale all kinds of beautiful art objects, in particular Sevres vases, dinner services, tea and coffee cups and saucers. and delicious figurines in porcelaine. Behind them are exhibited steel and wood

ongravings masterpieces, photogravures and all kinds of the best process work in the picture reproduction, not excluding direct photographs. And standing here and there you see small plaster-of-paris casts of sculptors' masterpieces, modern and ancient. Inside are larger casts, and in glass-covered cabinets are exposed for sale all kinds of medals.

The porcelain objects are from the French government manufactory at Sevres. The casts are taken from the statuary of the great museums. The medals

these premises myself, and—"
"But," gently put in Mrs. Jobson.
"wouldn't it be better for both of us to
take a final survey to see that everything
is all right, and—"
"No, Mrs. Jobson, it won't be better for
both of us to do anything of the sort,"
broke in Mr. Jobson severely. "I intend to
arrange matters this time so that there'll
be no chance for a division of responsibility
for anything that some wrong. If anything for anything that goes wrong. If anything goes wrong while we're away or before we get away, then I'll stand for it—there's nothing evasive or craw-fishy about me in are from the mint, and the photographs and engravings are the work of the celebrated Louvre staff, work that until now has been so difficult to be procured. Certainly, it is an extraordinary revolu-tion in the retail trade in Paris. Up and And so it was fixed. Mrs. Jobson sent the housemaid away as soon as the break-fast dishes were washed on the following

down the Rue de Rivoli "art dealers" all shades of merit cry out against t all shades of merit cry out against this unprecedented competition in which the French government, to whom they pay "I shall run up to see my sister on the Hill," she said to Mr. Jobson as she was their taxes, threatens to lop off a serious portion of their profits. fixing the brown veil around her hat, "and

Up and down the Boulevard and in the special dealers' sections both modern chinavare retailers and bogus and genuine antiquity mongers lament such an extension of the Sevres products into every-day trade. And even high-class picture dealers, the most dignified and independent of all tradesmen, mildly protest against such a popularizing of the Louvre engravings. Heretofore they had done a neat little comnission business in them.

Work of Engravers. "Popularizing!" in this word you have

the whole story of a new departure which may go far. Take the work of the Louvre staff of engravers. For fifty years past they have slowly copied the great paintings of the Louvre and Versailles collections, until now the general catalogue contains almost anything that you may ask

Indeed, the work of these old engravers goes back far more than fifty years. You may have plates struck off from originals engraved in the time of Louis XIV and "Will you be good enough to credit me with enough sense to get under an awning when it rains?" broke in Mr. Jobson, choppily, and then Mrs. Jobson knew that she had better keep whatever other suggestions The collection of steel and wood engrav she had in mind to herself. As she stood

ings of famous paintings is a fad more in-telligent and certainly more difficult than postage-stamp collecting; and most of us have without giving much attention to the matter, imagined very naturally, that rich men only may indulge in it. A visit to the shop of the French government dispels this illusion. The immense collection of the like 3 francs, or to cents. You may have Santerre's "Susanna at the Bath." engraved by Porporati in 1773, for 80 cents; Le Brun's "Baptism of Christ," engraved by Audran in 1681, for \$3; Van Dycks Ecce Homo," engraved by himself, for 80 cents, and everything of Raphael, Rubens Velasquez and the rest the Louvre itself contains, at prices less than those which postage-stamp collectors pay for only moderately rare pieces.

These engravings have been sold for the same prices at the Louvre itself these fifty years past; but not one Parisian out of fifty it; and not one out of a thousan could direct you to the little room hidden away in the immense palace museum, where the stock was kept and where an satisfied look around, he descended to the first floor with his hand valise, pulled all aged employe stood ready to do business.

Casts, Models and Porcelain. It has been still more the case with plas-

ter casts of the marbles of antiquity in which the Louvre is so rich. How many tourists have longed in vain, as they imagined, to possess the replica of this or that bust or statue, modern or ancient! Yet such ca: 3 exist, and they have always been for sale at ridiculously low prices. Orders for hem can be given, now, in this new retail shop of the French government. It is, however, to the modern work of the Sevres porcelain manufactory that I would call the atteention of the coming tourist while the medals of the mint, exposed in a glass case in the interior, are so unusual they may be set down as a new boon to those who want to take home presents to their dear ones. The tiny little silver medal, like an engraved jewel, which was struck off to commemorate the return of Napoleon I from Elbe, sells here for 15 cents, new and beautiful, struck from the original die. Another, commemorating the birth of the King of Rome (son of Napoleon and Marie Louise), in gold, sells for \$2.40. Large medals with portaits of the presidents of the present French repub-lic sell, in silver, for \$1.40 each. There are hundreds of these medals, dating from the time of Louis XIV down to the exposition of 1900. All are struck off new, from the original dies; and the tiny ones, of historic interest, make nice cuff buttons, sleeve links and scarfpins.

In the modern Sevres ware, I noted a vase in faint neutral tints supporting a deliciously slender seated female figure, sleeping. It is by Paul Roussel and sells for \$35. Henri Cordier's celebrated equetrian figure of Don Quixoe, costs \$200. And Chere's Laundry Girl (with cupids aiding her to drag her basket)—a piece so beautiful that the the Sevres factory itself sold eighty copies of it the first year—is marked \$500. But there are any quantity of cheaper arti-cles. Little vases and cups may be had as low as a few dollars. Possessed of the real Sevres mark, what better gift can one take home when one has spent one's money in the round of Paris pleasures?

Government Competition.

I have said that a howl has gone up from the Boulevard, the Rue de la Paix, the Rue de Rivoli and the Avenue of the Opera. The special dealers who have piled up fortunes with small labor to themselves by selling objects of this kind-both good and bad-to tourists, fear the competition of the government. The government replies that, as its line of goods is very limited, no great harm can result to reordinary shop for the sole purpose of making certain purely artistic objects more ac-cessible to those who know and care for them. The great mass of tourists will always go on buying trash!

As to the wider question of a great government going into retail shopkeeping of any kind, the Paris public is already

pretty well habituated to it.

For example, the French government is already in the retail cigar and tobacco business—there being no wholesale. Along the south bank of the river Seine, where

the lamps to give light, the books to read. When we do discover a rare piece of work it runs through Paris, lie long rows of great barrack-like buildings. They inclose part of the national tobacco works, and in them tobacco engineers, who have their early training at the Polytechnic and who rank as lieutenants and captains in the rank as lieutenants and captains in the army, superintend the making of all the cigars, cigarettes, pipe tobacco and snuff used in France. I say all, for the imported brands of cigars and cigarettes sold at high prices in four special retail government shops in the four richest sections of Paris add small perfume to the rank clouds of black caporal and two-cent perfectos which rises from this ever-smoking population. From its tobacco monopoly the government realizes just enough milthen go one. The high wainscoting of the hall may be natural wood polished and treated, or, what is highly in vogue, wood stained a color to suit the taste.

ilons yearly to support its immense standing army. And the tens of thousands of government clerkships which its retail selling over France affords, go far to solidify the practical politics of the present administration. As for the monopoly itself, it is so firmly a part of French consciousness that Frenchmen are content to light their government-made cigars with government-made matches, costing five times as dear as made matches, costing five times as dear as they cost in other lands. It is a patriotic sacrifice to aid the army.

Yearly Subvention.

In return for this sacrifice the French government conducts a retail opera, ballet and theater business at a loss for the public benefit. In order to enable the grand opera to produce new works by French composers along with the old repertoire, which is the glory of French music, the government hands over to it yearly a cash subvention of 800,000 francs (\$160,-

The subvention of the Opera-Comique is 300,000 francs (\$60,000). The subvention of the Theater-Francais is 240,000 francs (\$48,000).

And the subvention of the Odeon Theater is 100,000 francs (\$20,000).

return for these yearly subventions both the state theaters and the opera-comique are bound, like the grand opera, to produce serious French works in good style, according to set regulations. The thing is done for the fostering of French music, art and literature; but this retail government business in theater and opera none the less strikes a strong blow at

private enterprise.

Yet the French people are so used to the dea that we shall very probably see, in the next ten years, a government monopoly of alcohol. Just as Russia has gone into the manufacture and retailing of all alcoholic drinks (excluding wines and beers). so it is now proposed that the French gov-ernment shall enter this great branch of business. So I say this little shop for the sale of engravings and art objects on the Boulevard marks one step more in the di-rection of state socialism. STERLING HEILIG.

"Expectorate" and "Spit." From American Medicine

Commissioner Lererle has received letters objecting to the use of the word "spit," in

the ordinances, and advising the word 'expectorate." When President Roosevelt was police commissioner he strenuously urged the use of "spit," and called "expectorate" "a vile word." One must side with the President in this matter, in a general way, although it might be permissible to add that etymologically speaking "sputum" and "expectoration" may designate two different excreta. The sputum (allied to spatter) may be from the chest or may not be, although this is not the question in mind when framing the ordinances. The san tarium does not aim at a differentiation. People who "expectorate" will probably "per-spire" instead of "sweat." That some offi-cials do find a distinction where others do not is shown by the fact that in an east-ern city the following notice is displayed in the street cars: "Passengers must not expectorate nor spit on the floor of this car." "Expectorate" is morbid alike in a medical, a philologic and a social sense, but no charge can be made by philology against "spit." According to the editor of "Literary Notes" of the British Medical Journal the only advantage "expectorate". Journal the only advantage "expectorate" can claim is that it once incited a good pun: "Some one speaking to a lady of a friend of whom it might have been said that he had no manners and h's customs were beastly, gave an example that he would not hesitate to expectorate in her presence. She at once replied. 'Then he cannot expect to rate as a gentleman.'"

Juvenile Reasoning. From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Children have their own way of reasoning out things, and often they are di rect, forceful and even eloquent," said a man who takes a great interest in children, "and really, I sometimes think they are much keener mentally than grown folk. There is a world of rich, mature, w'sdom Louvre is offered here for sale at prices varying between 30 cents and \$3 per sub-children, if one will pause in the hurly-At an uptown home the other evening I was very much amused at a little conversation I heard between the mother and two of her offspring who had become involved in a quarrel over marbles. 'Why, dearle,' said the mother, coaxingly, 'why don't you let your brother have some of your marbles to play with?' 'Well, he keeps 'em.' the youngster said, grumblingly; 'he won't give 'em back.' 'Oh, I guess not,' said the fond parent. 'Well, I guess yes,' the youngster replied, for he swallows 'em.' There was logic for you in a nutshell, logic without equivocation, eloquent, and convincing. How can you get around reasoning of that sort. You simply can't beat it, and yet it is the kind of wisdom we often get from the lisping lips of chil-

Science and Old Age.

Prof. Elie Metchnikoff in Putnam's Magazine From twenty to fifty a man should live for himself and h.s family; from fifty to one hundred for science and humanity, and after a hundred for the state. Honored, useful, in full possession of all his faculties at six score years and ten, the gray beard of the approaching future will be among the most enviable of mankind. For the fear of death is an aberration.

The fact is that only one man in a million at present d.es a natural death. We should live till one hundred and forty years of age. A man who expires at seventy or eighty is the victim of accident, cut off in the flower of his days, and he unconsciously resents being deprived of the fifty years or so which nature owes him. Leave him a little longer and in due time he will desire to die, as a child at dusk desires to sleep. The sandman will pass! All our instincts drop from us one by one. The child cries for mothers' milk; the idea of such an allment is repugnant to the adult. The desire for sweets, for play, for love and love-making, for long walks and adventures are all impulses that have the day and pass. And the wish to live is an instinct which fails also with satiety. Only at present none of us live long enough to be satiate with days.

John Wesley's Wife. From Everybody's Magazine.

One of his biographers declares that if he had searched the whole kingdom the evangelist (John Wesley) would hardly have found a woman more unsuitable than she whom he married. She did not even confine herself to her tongue in her attacks. · · More than once she laid violent hands on him. "Jack," said John Hampson to his son, "I was once on the point of committing murder. It was when I was in the north of Ireland, and I went into a room and found Mrs. Wesley foaming with fury. Her husband was on the floor, where she had been trailing him by the head; and she herself was still holding in her hand venerable locks which she had plucked up by the roots. I felt," continued Hampson, who was a giant of a man, though not one of Wesley's warmest friends—"I felt as though I could have knocked the soul out of her."

Patient and Physician.

From the Springfie'd Republican. The Massachusetts Medical Society is moving to secure legislation for the protection of the confidential relations between physician and patient. The lawyer and clergyman now have the protection of the law for their professional secrets against the questions of examining counsel, and the argument is that the consultation and confidential conference between the doctor and the patient, which the law does not protect, should be held equally sacred in the courts. When called into court as witnesses the respect in which confidences given to the two other professional men are held falls away from the doctor. He can be forced to reveal that which has been given to him un-der pledge of secrecy, and this is revolting to his sense of honor. Hence the protest and appeal which comes from the State

"How did he get his title of colonel? Did he ever live in Kentucky, or was he on some governor's staff once?" "No. he once had half interest in a race horse."—Chicago Record-Herald.